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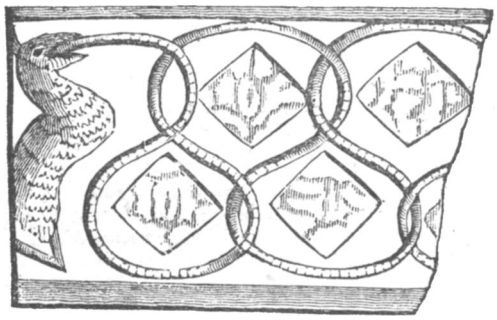
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is a representation, was discovered in the ruins, and carefully preserved by Holmes Bigham, Esq., the present occupier of the adjoining land; it is the only piece of sculpture of interest that has, even in a mutilated state, survived, from the barbarous taste of disfiguring pleasure-grounds and grottoes with relics, that can be only useful where they were rendered interesting by time.

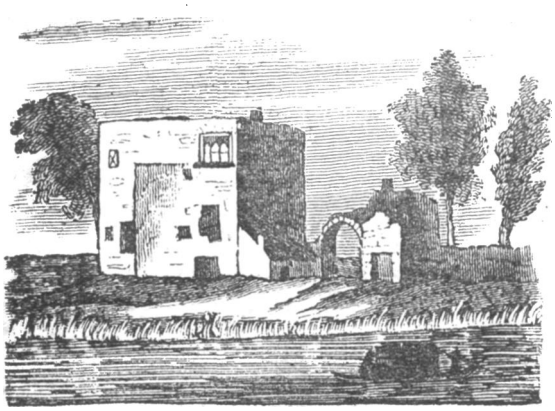


The ford which the castle commanded, and from which Athy derives its name, was called Athelehac, or anciently Athlegar, the ford towards the west; also, Ath-trodan, or the cattle ford. It was here the great battle was fought, in the third century, between the people of Munster and those of Leix, under Laviseagh Cean Mordha.

In 1642, the Marquis of Ormond took Woodstock from the rebels; and subsequently, in 1647, Owen Roe O'Neal surprised it, and put the garrison to the sword; his victory, however, was but of short duration; for Lord Inchiquin compelled him, in a little time after, to surrender it and Athy.

The lordship of Woodstock and Castlemitchell was set by the Earl of Kildare to Daniel Hutchison, alderman, for ninety-nine years, from May 1st, 1657, at 100*l.* the first forty-one years, yearly, and 200*l.* a year during the rest of the lease, with six fat wethers or three pounds.

ENNA.



WOODSTOCK CASTLE.

The writer accidentally met with the following verses, connected with Woodstock Castle, which, he believes, are original, but appear to have suffered much in transcribing:

Woodstock, famed in Irish story,
Raising high its tow'ring head;
Still proclaims its former glory,
Near old Barrow's crystal bed.

O'er its walls, where ivy creeping,
Loves to wave its sombre green;
Forth, beneath the foliage peeping,
Many a sculptured stone is seen.

Where the silken standard flying,
Once its waving folds display'd;
Now the breeze, in murmurs sighing,
Mourns the havoc time has made.

Oft, within those dark recesses,
Perish'd many a chief of old;
While the blood-stain'd floor confesses
Horrors human tongue ne'er told.

Woodstock's lord once lov'd a fair one,
And did court her to his arms;
Daughter of a neighbouring baron,
Blest with beauty's softest charms.

But her sire had pledg'd his daughter
To a gentle knight hard by,
Who with tender love had sought her—
Call'd Sir Kemelin, of Athy.

Vengeful thoughts seized Woodstock's bosom,
When denied the blooming maid;
Yet to none did he disclose 'em,
But his plot in secret laid.

Straight he made him preparation,
Solemn tourney to proclaim;
And forthwith sent invitation
To many a noble knight and dame.

To partake at Woodstock-hall,
Mask and dance, and pageant gay;
All within the castle's wall,
On St. John's high holiday.

Gladsome rose the wished for morn,
Rob'd in cloudless golden light;
Loudly blew the bugle horn,
Banners grac'd the castle's height.

And many a lady passing fair,
All bedecked in rich array;
And many a brave knight from afar
Passed through Woodstock's gate that day.

Ah! who is he whose vernal cheek
Blooms high in health and beauty's pride;
Whose blue eyes, love's soft language speak
To the fair lady by his side?

'Tis Kemelin—flower of chivalry—
And Eva with the golden hair;
Of Rheban's youth the bravest he,
And she the Curragh's maid most fair.

Festive mirth, its joys imparting,
Beamed around the splendid scene;
Till at midnight hour departing,
Hied them o'er the distant green.

"Kemelin," quoth Lord Woodstock, "stay
With thy lady here this night;
False Tyrconnell may thee betray—
'Tis said he owes thee mortal spite."

"Much I thank thee, courteous baron,
Though my heart ne'er felt dismay;
Yet, to calm this trembling fair one,
Here, beneath thy roof, I'll stay."

Sad and dismal was the hour,
Darker frown'd the low'ring gloom;
When, yielding to a villain's power,
Kemelin seal'd his tragic doom.

From that fatal moment, never
Eva to her friends returned;
Mystic was her fate for ever—
Long the hapless fair they mourned.

But, upon the seventh morn,
Kemelin's floating corse was found,
Down the river's current borne,
Pierced with many a ghastly wound.

Near the river stands a mound,
O'er it the tall poplars wave;
Water-lillies spring around,
And this, I heard, is Kemelin's grave.

And still the banshee, wand'ring round,
Loves to raise her plaintive song;
When each swift revolving year,
Brings the feast of good St. John.

T. FRENCH.

DUBLIN:
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